

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE AND AMERICAN ATHENÆUM

NEC INVIDE, NEC TIMORIS DOMINIO.

VOL. III.....No. 21.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1827.

WHOLE UNITED NO. 116.

LITERARY.

THE DOOMED MAN.

I was sent to sea at an early age, and bound cabin boy to a barque belonging to S——, a small seaport village in Ayrshire. I had for my fellow apprentice a boy nearly of my own age, and my most intimate companion, called George Cuthbertson. Our parents were next door neighbors, and in habits of great friendship. We had been to school together—shared in the same amusements—had fought each others battles—and now felt happy that we were to acquire our nautical knowledge unseparated. We served our time faithfully; and when it expired, made several voyages to different ports of America and the West Indies. I was shortly afterwards made mate of the vessel, and we were on our passage to Smyrna, when we were captured by a French privateer off the Land's End, and carried into Port Louis. Unfortunately for us, this happened at the period when Bonaparte permitted no exchange of prisoners between the two nations: we were, therefore, marched far into the interior, along with several ships' companies, and confined in the fortress of Breal. I will not take up your attention by a recital of the hardships we endured during our five years' imprisonment. Our treatment was more like that of brutes than of one christian nation towards another; but Cuthbertson and I weathered through it, and that was more than hundreds of our fellow captives did. Twice we made our escape, but were recaptured both times, treated with additional rigor, and threatened with instant death if we made the attempt again. Nevertheless, we tried it once more, with the resolution either to regain our freedom or perish. After months of cautious and unremitting labor, we succeeded in undermining the corner of our stone floor, and bored a passage through the wall at the bottom of the building. This outlet took us clear of the centinels, but still we had a descent of more than twenty feet over the face of the rock to overcome.—There were eleven of us confined in the same dungeon, and most part of these were

our own crew. We set all hands to work; soon cut up our blankets into stripes, and formed a sort of rope by which we lowered ourselves down. We all landed safe, except our captain, who was a heavy man, and on that account agreed to be the last, he was not so fortunate. He had hardly descended half way, when his weight proved too great for the frail tackling; it broke, and he was precipitated to the bottom. No time was now to be lost—the noise of his fall would probably alarm the soldier on duty, and the guard would be down on us in the turning of a capstan-bar. We all, therefore, separated; each taking a different course, the better to elude pursuit, and every one shifting for himself the best way he could. George and I was just darting off, when the faint voice of Green, the captain, arrested our steps. "Jack," said he, "and you Cuthbertsons, will ye both sheer off like land lubbers, and leave your old master and townsman aground here, without ever lending a hand to tow him off a lee-shore?" We were not proof against this appeal. Both of us esteemed him; and though we were in a manner giving up our only chance for escape, we had not the heart to leave him to die, without contributing what we could to his assistance. We tried to raise him on his feet, but in vain—he had broken his right leg below the knee, and could not move a step.—What was now to be done?—every moment was precious—there was nothing for it but to get him on my back, which we did—and I fled as fast as the weight of my burden would allow me. Taking spell and spell about, we travelled till day-breaking warned us to seek some place of concealment. We accordingly lay down in the middle of a large turnip field, and covered ourselves with the leaves as much as possible. When twilight came on, we again took up our charge, marched all night, and in the morning, found ourselves in a lonely little dell, over arched with trees and bushes, and with a small stream of water flowing through the midst.

I now found that our poor captain had not much longer to endure his sufferings—his limbs had swelled to a fearful size,

with the bone protruding several inches; it was prodigiously inflamed, and mortification had already taken place. "God bless you both, my lads!" he murmured as we laid him in a sort of recess under the bank, "God in heaven bless you! you have acted the part of sons towards me, and what I would have done by you had you been stranded in a strange land. I feel that my last yarn's spun out, and my glass run down—only I should have liked better to have been laid under hatches in my own country, and along-side my own kith and kin. But there's no help for it! The old hull must break up somewhere, and its all one whether she lies stranded ashore, or founders under the deep sea waves.—Tell them all about my mishap at home, if ever you reach it; and bid Will be kind to his poor mother and the little ones—and now give me a drop of that pure water to quench my burning thirst—fare ye well once more, and the blessing of heaven go with you!" He died in the course of the afternoon; in the evening we dug his grave by the margin of the stream, laid him in—and departed on our way. We travelled eight nights in the same manner, avoiding every habitation, and living on such wild berries and field roots as we could gather till the ninth, when we reached St. Malo just as day was beginning to dawn. We proceeded directly for the harbor, where seeing a fishing boat lying afloat, with her nets on board, we jumped in, sang a French sea song to deceive the sentinel, while we pulled past the batteries—trimmed our sails to the wind, and stood out to sea.

Our good fortune still accompanied us; the wind held fair, and the next day we were picked up by the Huntingdon West Indianman, bound for Savannah-la-mer, the captain of which purchased our boat, and gladly received us on board.

On our arrival at port, we found the bloody flux raging with such violence, that during the time we were discharging the vessel, we buried the mate and two thirds of our crew. Upon this the captain offered me the birth, with orders to carry the ship round Mondego-bay, and take

in the produce of two estates there belonging to the owners. Cuthbertson had also got charge of a schooner for Clyde, which had lost her master, and he accompanied me round, as she was lying there too. The evening previous to his sailing he came on board the Huntingdon, that we might spend one night together before we separated. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The sun had set behind the blue mountains, but the reflection of his parting rays still tinged with purple and gold the edges of the few light clouds which floated round their summit. A gentle land breeze had sprung up, insufficient to ripple the smooth surface of the water, but capable of diffusing a refreshing coolness through our frames, wearied and exhausted by the day's labor. All our hands were ashore at one of the plantations, for the ship was anchored up a narrow creek, and the balmy fragrance of plants and flowers uniting with the solitude of the scene, shed a soothing influence over us.—Insensibly I fell into a train of melancholy musing. My mind wandered to the home I had been so long absent from. The dear friends I had left there—were they still in existence, and did they recall thoughts of their wandering sailor? We talked over our early days—of our scattered school fellows—of our boyish adventures—of our more recent perils—and now of our parting.

"I wish I could persuade you, Jack," said my companion, "to give up your birth here, and go home with me. One of your late crew told me that this ship would never see Old England again, for all the rats had forsaken her; and you know as well as any of us, that it is a sure sign that the ending of the vessel is not far distant when they leave her." "Well, let them go," returned I, "and a fair wind to their tails! I care not though I never see a whisker of them again, we shall get the more beef and biscuit for ourselves in that case. I know it's a common superstition among seamen, but do you think I am such a swab as to believe that a parcel of vermin can foretell a vessel's fate? No, no, I have engaged to go the voyage, and if that's all, I'll—" "Aye, but hearken to me," interrupted he, "that's not all. Many years ago, this ship left Nata, in the bay of Panama, with a quantity of specie for the merchants in London. They had not been long at sea, when the mate and crew agreed to kill the captain, share the money, and turn pirates. He was accordingly attacked when he came on deck, but being a stout man he re-

sisted, until weakened by loss of blood, he retreated to the bows, where he was overpowered, murdered and thrown overboard. The villains kept these seas in terror for some time; but at last, decoyed by a disguised sloop of war, which they mistook for a merchantman, they were captured, and the mate and five men run up to the fore-yard arm. Ever since that the captain's ghost haunts the vessel, but is never seen except to foretell some disaster, either to the ship or crew. The sailor who told me, saw him that night we arrived at Savannah; and has not the prediction been fulfilled in the death of our men?" I could not forbear laughing at the conclusion of this story, to his great annoyance, for he gave implicit credit to such tales. I declared my total disbelief of supernatural appearances, and tried to argue him out of his faith in them, but to no purpose; he remained firm and fast. We had much discussion on the subject, by which neither of us was convinced; so, getting fairly tired of the topic, I proposed taking supper and turning in. I do not know how long I had slept, when I was roused by Cuthbertson shaking me violently, and exclaiming, "Ere, Jack, for God sake, rise, I have seen him!" I immediately started up; "Seen what?" inquired I, "what have you seen?" But the poor fellow was in no condition to reply; he had become insensible. I lifted him up, and carried him on deck, where by the application of a little water, he soon recovered.

"After turning in," said he, "I lay thinking on what we had been conversing about, till I worked myself up to such a state that I could not fall asleep. I tried repeatedly to banish it from my mind, but in spite of all my efforts to get rid of it, it still recurred. After tossing about for some hours, I got so heated that I could lie no longer, so I thought I would rise, and take a turn fore and aft to cool myself, and see how the night looked. The moon was dim and hazy, and her light much obscured by clouds driving with great swiftness across her surface. The wind was all a-peep—for the fly of the vane at the mast-head was motionless and drooping. Not a leaf rustled on the trees; and I almost fancied I heard the rushing of the clouds as they hurried over my head. I never felt myself so impressed with the awful stillness of nature. I walked a good while to and fro, and then stopt and leaned over the bulwarks at the waist to watch the progress of the carries, wondering why they flew so rapidly above, when it was

such a dead calm below. While thus engaged I chanced to turn my head, and thought I saw something white standing behind me. I started, and rubbed my eyes to ascertain if I saw distinctly, for I had walked the length of the deck only a few minutes before, and knew that our men had not yet returned. The story of the captain haunting the vessel now flashed across my mind, and the idea that I stood in the presence of an unearthly being created a feeling I cannot describe—my heart leaped to my mouth at the conviction, and a cold shivering thrilled through my body. I tried to shut out the vision, but my eyes were fascinated by some spell against which I had no power of resistance. As I continued to gaze it gradually became brighter and more defined, until I distinguished a human face, wan and ghastly—its eyes, lustreless and fixed, as those in the sockets of a dead man; and gore streaming from a wound over its temple. I shuddered with horror at the sight, my knees bent beneath me, and I was on the point of sinking down, when rallying all my fortitude, with an effort of desperation, I threw myself forward and attempted to seize it—but nothing met my grasp. Panting and breathless, a cold perspiration bursting through every pore, and with a feeling as if the scalp of my head was shrinking to nothing, I stopt and again looked on it. It stood without motion with its dull and lifeless eyes still riveted upon me. I could endure their gaze no longer—I felt my brain maddening with terror: driven to frenzy, I again darted forward, and tried to grapple with it; but without any sensible motion it receded as I advanced, and the moon suddenly becoming obscure, it vanished from my sight on the fore-castle. A faintness came over me—I thought the ship whirling round—I staggered to the companion, but how I got down to the cabin I know not." He ceased, and the agitation of his frame showed how deeply he was impressed with the reality of the apparition. I again ridiculed the notion of its having been a spirit, but rather some phantasy of the brain—a form conjured up by the force of an over-wrought imagination; and perhaps, a particular reflection of moonlight might perfect the delusion: and I ended by swearing I would not trust the evidence of my senses, although my father should rise from the grave and present himself before me. "Well, Jack," he returned, "I'll argue the matter no more. I don't pretend to guess at the purport of its visit—no trifles would occasion its becoming

visible to human eyes; but this I know, that all the powers on earth cannot shake my conviction of its reality, or prove it a mere delusion of sight. We are now about to part, perhaps for ever; and if so, and I am permitted, I promise to be thrice visible to you before your death, if you are left in this world behind me." I laughed, and swore I would be glad to see him—that I should deem myself secure *till* the last visit; and moreover, that I did not value all the rats and ghosts on earth a rotten ropeyarn. Here we ended. The boats came off with our men, we all went to help the schooner into the bay, bade him farewell as he got under-way, and returned to our ship.

A few weeks afterwards we loaded, and left Savannah; and falling in with a Halifax brig, we were informed that war had been declared against the United States, whose privateers were swarming in all directions. One morning at day-break we discovered a small cutter to windward; she was on the contrary tack, but in place of holding on her straight course, she kept yawning, and sheering, and gradually bearing down on us under English colors, and her foresail unset. Our men pronounced her to be American built, and seemingly a Charleston pilot-boat; but the captain, on the contrary, thought her one of the mail-carriers which ply between the islands, and shortened sail to send a boat on board to get the news. The jolly-boat was therefore prepared; but by way of precaution we cast loose our guns and prepared for engaging. As she neared us we could see but few men on board, which, with their manner of manoeuvring, gave her such a suspicious appearance, that I proposed to fire a gun and bring her to: for at arm's length I knew our heavy metal was capable of blowing her out of the water; but if she got under our guns she might easily carry us by boarding. The captain still hesitated, and desired me to have patience, but he had scarcely pronounced the words when a gust of wind blew aside the corner of the foresail, and disclosed the muzzle of a long swivel pointing out. There was no room for hesitation now; so I seized a trumpet, and desired them to haul their wind, or else we would fire into them. "Fire, and be damned," was the reply.

The sail was cast off, and the contents of the swivel, with a shower of small arms, poured on us. We returned the broadside; but it was now too late to do any service, for she was so close, and so much under us, that our shot went clean over them.

We had not time to exchange another, ere she was laid athwart our bows, and boarding us by the bowsprit. I now left the gun I had been working, and called out for our men to stand fast; but instead of obeying, they ran below for safety, with the captain at their head, leaving me alone on deck, and the colors flying. I saw there was nothing more to be done, so throwing away my cutlass, I was following their example, and had my back to the companion in the act of descending, when I was surrounded, and ordered to stand. I cried out, that surely they wouldn't kill an unarmed man. "Then, why don't you haul down your colors?" replied one of the fellows, and fired his pistol right in my face. I gave my head a sudden jerk to one side, by which means the ball only grazed my teeth and went through my cheek, while both eyes were scorched and driven full of powder from the closeness of the discharge. I was knocked over, and fairly thought I was shot through the head; but in a little time I recovered, and finding the blood flowing from my mouth and cheek, I groped my way down the ladder, where, getting hold of a sail, I scraped off some tow, thrust it into the wound, and bound it round with a handkerchief. I next extended my search for my chest, out of which I took all my money, hid it about me, and lay down in my bed.

I remained undisturbed for an hour, brooding over the disasters such a short time had brought about, when I heard one enter the cabin, and recognized the voice of the captain. "We have run ourselves into a fine mess, Gilkison," said he, "instead of our captors being Americans, I mistake much if they don't turn out a set of sea-sharks. They have been overhauling my papers above, and swear that there is money on board, and they threaten to make us walk the plank if it's not instantly delivered up. God only knows what I am to do! I brought out some gold privately on account of my owners, which I left at Savannah, but, like a cursed idiot, I neglected to burn my private instructions. They have lost two men by our fire, and that makes them like so many devils, which, upon my soul, I believe they are, for I never saw such a set of cut-throat looking villains of all colors between the gunnels of a vessel." "You may thank yourself for the loss of your ship," returned I; "but I can guess, if she hadn't been fully covered she wouldn't have been given up so easily. However, you know your own course best—as for me, I am done for al-

ready: and it's all one whether I'm hove overboard a few hours' sooner or later."—We were here cut short by a rough voice ordering us on deck. Knowing there was no use in refusing, I rose, groped my way up, and stood holding by the companion-door.

"Well, my lads," said the same person whom I supposed to be the captain of the pirates, "have you agreed to find the Spanish for us, or must we knock about for it ourselves?" "I told you before," replied the captain, "that there was no gold on board, we left it—" "None of your infernal lies!" interrupted the other; "do not your own papers tell us to the contrary, and do you take us for such cursed fools, as to be gulled, like a parcel of land swabs, with a long-spun yarn? No, no, the devil a skulking I'll allow of in this ship!—It doesn't signify arguing the flash of a flint, overhaul your secret stowing holes and bowse out the dust, or, by —, I'll make you walk the plank in the turning of an hour-glass." "I know I am completely in your power," returned the captain, "to do with me as you will; but again I declare my utter inability to comply with your demands, since, to my knowledge, there is no gold on board; but I am willing to give you a bill to any reasonable amount on the house in Savannah, for the ransom of the ship and cargo." "And how the hell is it to be paid?" rejoined the pirate; "do you think we'll let you go ashore to send a cruiser on us? or land and be kidnapped ourselves? Never think of that! The devil a ransom you would offer to pay if there was nothing here; so, once for all, either bear a hand and turn out the clink, or take yourself over the side. What! you won't start then? we'll soon try that—hallo! Martinique, run out that plank there over the lee-gunnel, and balance it fair." The command was speedily executed, and the captain was again desired to go forward, but instead of so doing the poor man supplicated the more earnestly for his life. But he appealed to wretches devoid of feeling. Some of the pirates then laid hold of him to drag him to the plank. A trampling of feet ensued—a struggling and shuffling along the deck is if he was violently forced on, while he strove, with all the strength of desperation to retard the fulfilment of his doom; all the time praying for his life in a voice of agony I shall never forget. "Stop the cowardly fellow's muzzle with the end of that marlin-spike, and belay his jaw!" roared out the commander,—"sink me bu-

you are a parcel of useless, good-for-nothing negers, without the pith of a louse, to let him hold on by those mainshrouds so long!—By —— I believe he'll master every soul of ye—take him over the fingers with a cutlass, and make him let go that clutch of his—that's it—there now, run him out on the plank—that's sea—away with him!"

A heavy splash in the water told me that the unhappy man was indeed overboard. One long and piercing shriek, uttered as the stern of the vessel passed him when he rose to the surface, thrilled through every nerve of my heart. The ship was going fast through the water; his cries waxed fainter and fainter on the breeze, and at length ceased altogether.

Knowing it to be my turn next, I braced up my heart as well as I could, and prepared for my fate.

"Well, my young spark," said the pirate, addressing me, "what say *you* to it? are you going to be reasonable, and give up the gold; or are you ready to take a trip to Davy Jones's locker in the wake of your captain? You see there is no use in shamming here." "You forget," said another voice, "that he didn't see the fun at all. I doused his glims with the flash of my cracker, when I thought I had sent the slugs through his lubberly brains. I can do that yet! But in the mean time, since I've darkened his daylights, it is but fair I set them to rights again. Hand here that cutlass of yours, Martinique, and I'll give him a touch of it over the lids; I'll be bound I'll soon let in the light, and doctor him to his heart's content." With a shudder, I stood expecting to feel the sharp edge of the weapon drawn across my eyes, when their captain interfered. "Avast a bit, Derrick! let the poor devil's blinkers alone while he tells us where the shiners are to be got." I now related the circumstance of my having been picked up at sea; that I had been made mate in Savannah, and could know nothing about the gold. I tried to convince them that only a madman would risk his life to secrete property from which he could reap no benefit. But I might have saved my pains; I was no more believed than the captain had been.

"It's all a fair-weather story," said the pirate, "all blarney—but it won't go down! I see we are to get nothing by listening to your palavers. Walking the plank's a d——d deal too good—we'll have to go on another tack with you, my spanker, to bring you by the wind. Here, Cuba, and you, Juan, cast a single hitch round his

head with that line, make one end fast to the mast, and heave the other tight with the capstan; we'll soon give him a close-fitting cap to make a clear breast in!" The negroes accordingly approached and laid hands on me to lead me forward, when just at that critical juncture, the man at the mast-head sang out, "A sail to leeward" I was released and ordered below again, the crew were dispersed to rig out the studing sails and clear for action, and in a short time I felt from the motion of the ship that she was flying under a press of canvas.

In a state of no small anxiety, hoping that the chase might prove a cruizer, I waited for hours, listening to every thing that could indicate what was going on. The bustle above had subsided, from which I inferred that the men were at their quarters; and I heard nothing but the steps of their commander as he paced fore and aft, conning to the steersman. At length a bow-chaser was fired; after a brief interval it was again repeated, and quickly answered with three cheers and a broadside. How my heart beat with joy at the sound! All was now bustle and confusion. Broadside, after broadside was exchanged with fatal effect among the pirates; the closeness and precision of whose fire by no means equalled that of their **adversaries**. But to me the groans of their wounded was delightful music: and the crush of the balls, as they tore through the side of the vessel, filled me with ecstasy. The conflict continued with unabated fury; for the pirates, aware of their fate if taken, fought with all the desperate resolution of men reckless of death, till, receiving a tremendous broadside that made the ship almost heel gunnel-in, a terrible crash took place above, and the cheering of her opponent made me suppose that one of our masts was carried away. Our firing now became slack, and soon ceased altogether. Still, however, the uproar continued on deck—the hurried tramp of feet running here and there—the clamor of tongues; the bawling forth of commands which seemed unheeded, intermingled with horrible oaths and imprecations. At length, all this disturbance ceased at once, and I heard the stroke of oars along-side.

I now supposed that the pirates had surrendered, and that the other party were taking possession. I waited for some time, surprised that no person came below, till I thought I felt the cabin filling with smoke. All at once a horrible suspicion rushed across me, that the ship was on fire, and deserted by the crew; and that I was

left alone and helpless, to be devoured by the flames. Overcome with the utter hopelessness of my situation, I staggered against the side—my brain quite bewildered, and my heart swelling almost to suffocation. In a few minutes I again became capable of reflection—a hope that I might yet be perceived and rescued by the other vessel, darted like a ray of light through my mind. I started up, and hurried on the deck as fast as my blindness would permit—I inquired aloud if any person was on board, but the groans of some dying wretch alone answered to my demand. I tried to run forward to the main deck, but the wreck of the fallen masts completely blocked up the way. I therefore retraced my steps, climbed to the highest part of the prostrate spar—waved a small fragment of sail over my head by way of a signal, and shouted with my whole force. Again and again I repeated my cry, listening between whiles with breathless attention for the blessed sound of a human voice returning my cheer; but all was silence save the audible pulsations of my own heart, the fearful roaring and crackling of flames; and the sputtering, hissing sound of the blazing tar. The ship had now swung round, with her head to the wind, and the excessive heat of the smoke warned me that the fire had gained the quarter-deck and was swiftly approaching: to retain my situation was no longer practicable, nothing remained for me but to trust myself to the waves before it reached the powder room. Without reflecting that I was only avoiding death for a few moments longer, and had no chance of ultimately escaping, I jumped down on deck, searched for a rope, tied it round a hen-coop, and lowered it into the water. I then slid down on the top of it, undid the line, and with my breast on the raft, and my legs in the water, propelled it from the vessel. In this half swimming fashion I urged it forward with all my might for a considerable time, till I heard the ship blow up. I now stopped to take breath, for my overwrought strength began to fail me. Several times I lost the coop, which I regained, after much labor and swimming about, only to be washed from it again.—These repeated plunges were fast diminishing my little remaining strength, my grasp was becoming more and more feeble. The instinctive desire for preserving life which had led me to make such powerful exertions was now leaving me. I grew indifferent as to my fate; I cared not whether I lived or died. A languor, a listlessness, took possession of both mind and body. A

sensation of drowsiness gently stole over me, I felt no pain, my only desire was to obtain sleep, and I was on the point of resigning myself to it, when the halloo of voices smote on my ear. Like a touch of electricity I felt a renewed vigor shoot through every nerve; again I strove, and clung more firmly to the coop, and returned the shout with all my voice. But the momentary ebullition was gone, nature was exhausted; I could bear up no longer; I ceased to struggle. Again the waters flowed round my mouth, gurgled in my throat, closed over my head; I was conscious of gradually going down, when all of a sudden, something grasped me by the hair, and gave me a violent pull to the surface.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself surrounded by several people, who informed me that I was on board his Majesty's gun-brig, Sharler, whose boats had captured the pirates after their desertion of the ship, and on their return had observed and picked me up. Under the hands of their surgeon I soon recovered my sight, and, by the time we arrived at Halifax, I was as well as ever.

On my return home, I found Cuthbertson had sailed just before I arrived, and though we had both of us Clyde ships, we never had the fortune to be in at the same time; so we never met again.

It will now be eight years this season, since I got command of the Severn. I joined convoy at Cork, for North America, and sailed in company with a large fleet. We had baffling head-winds the whole passage, but we beat on till within a few day's sail of Cape Breton, when it came on to blow the hardest gale I ever reefed canvass in. The fleet was all scattered here and there, like a flock of wild geese, making the best way they could of it. It was a fearful night—as black as pitch, and rendered more appalling by tremendous flashes of lightning at short intervals. I have weathered many a storm, but lightning so vivid and lengthened I never witnessed. The mate and half the crew had turned in for the second watch; I had, therefore, the charge on deck, and was seudding the ship under a close-reefed foresail, keeping a look-out on a light shown by some vessel close under our lee-bow, when, all at once, it gave a deep lurch to larboard and disappeared. Whatever she was, I instantly knew that she must have broached-to, capsized, and was probably foundering; I therefore called to the man at the helm to haul his wind on the starboard tack, and

keep clear of the wreck. This we had hardly accomplished, when a sheet of fire showed me a ship on her beams ends, right under our lee-quarter. Every thing had been washed off her decks, with the exception of one solitary figure who stood holding on by the weather-rails. He looked up to our stern lantern, as we rushed past him, almost to touching. The light fell full and strong, on his upraised face, and uncovered head, and to my grief and horror, I recognized the countenance of poor George Cuthbertson. Instinctively I threw myself half over the quarter-gallery;—stretched forth my hands to snatch him from his perilous situation, and loudly called out his name. I make no doubt that he heard and knew the voice of his old friend, for he gave a faint reply; too faint, indeed for me to distinguish the words; but as a token of recognition he opened his arms, as if to embrace me, waved his hand, and pointed homeward. I understood the signal—I essayed to countersign, but the vessel was again sweeping before the wind—and we left him to his fate. One minute afterwards another flash showed me her main topmast-head disappearing amidst the foam of a tremendous breaker.

It was now that his last promise in Mondono bay, so long forgot, recurred to my recollection. I pondered it over in my mind, and tried, as I had done then, to slight and laugh it past. I fancied I had reasoned myself out of my apprehensions, but a lurking tremor at bottom made me fear that the calm was only on the surface.

The whole fleet, after the gale made their destination in safety, but the Old Lion of port Glasgow never cast up.

Time passed on, till that very day twelve-month—when in such another gale, and at the self same hour, I again saw the Lion founder. But the vision was only disclosed to my eyes. That voyage I lost the Severn—she sprang a leak at sea, we left her with seven feet water in her hold, and just cleared her before she went down. I saw the same vision again after the lapse of three years, and I was then wrecked on the coast of Holland. Now, for the last time, I have seen it this night.

I have long felt the withering touch of the finger of fate, but now the whole weight of its hand is on me. My existence has drawn to its final close, for I dare no longer disbelieve the warning. And better it is to die at once, than live thus in the continual fear of death. That which to others is the enjoyment of life, is to me only a

source of misery: surrounded by their families and kindred, they look through the vista of future years, and only see happiness waving them forward on their journey; but, sleeping or waking, in light or in darkness, the vision of the foundering ship has never been from before my eyes. Oh, Sir! pray that you may never feel the curse of being a doomed man—to have the book of fate, as it were, laid open to you. From the careless, light-hearted, rattling sailor, what a miserable transition to the gloomy, melancholy, wretched being that I now am. And yet at times I have roused myself to shake off these feelings, and with the rich man in the parable, have said, "soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" but the response rang in mine ear, with a voice like thunder. "Thou fool, this very night shall thy soul be required of thee!"

DUELING IN THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

The extent to which dueling is carried on in the German universities is perfectly ludicrous; I say ludicrous, because the results are very rarely fatal. In Göttingen, I assure you, that when you wished to have a "scandal" with any one of the students, you had merely to *look* and you might be satisfied. When I first settled amongst these youths, I had some little curiosity to see one of their duels, and I expressed myself to that effect to the young Baron Von***. He turned himself to a friend who was quietly smoking his pipe at my side, and, pointing to a tall Westphalian, who was playing at billiards—"Du sollest ihn, 'corrimirn,'* lieber, der Engländer will was *sehen*,"—"you must go and insult him; the Englishman wishes to see some fun." Upon this, an affair was soon got up; the Westphalian went on with his game, and "de nerr Baron" with his pipe, for the remainder of the evening. The next day these heroes met, and the paraphernalia of the battle were arranged. In most of the German universities, the *schlager* is the offensive weapon, except in Jena, where the *rapier* is the favorite. These *schlagers* are remarkably sharp, and the wound which they give heals very kindly. The first thing to be done is to measure the distance: this is effected by the two seconds. Each takes a full lunge, and stretches out his sword until the points cross. The space thus covered is marked on by two chalk lines: and if, during the combat, either the one or the other of the combatants should step

* This is a slang term in use among the students.

over these lines, he instantly comes into "verchiss," and can only recover his honor by fighting with two of any of the landman's schaften. The ground being measured off, we went to dress our friend. His shoulders and breasts were stripped to the shirt; a thick band, well stuffed, and sword proof was tied round the waist, in order to protect the stomach. The fore part of the thigh and the neck was also guarded, and the sword arm bandaged from the wrist to about half way up the arm-pit; so that, in fact, nothing but the face and chest were exposed. The two seconds who were very active, are dressed nearly in the same fashion, only they do not disencumber themselves of any portion of their clothing. The business of the seconds is to rush in, and to prevent any "nachhieb," or after blow, when the umpire has called "halt;" this, of course, subjects them to no small portion of the danger. They are armed with blunt weapons, and stick close to the left side of their principals. In fact a good second is one of the requisites to a successful duel.— The seconds now gave the word of command, "los," and immediately our youths began playing with consummate skill. The first round produced nothing. A second and third were chalked off. On the fourth however the Baron received a slight wound in the forehead, which terminated the battle. Twelve rounds is the ultimatum of any duel. The duels at Jena, however, are far more dangerous. The number of fatal results is much greater than is generally known. The rapier inflicts so very small a wound, so very difficult to be seen except by an experienced eye, owing to the elasticity of the skin, that most of the sudden deaths which are given out as caused by appoplexies, &c., are, in short, nothing more nor less than the effects of duelling. The quarrels of the students among themselves, I have said, are not very deadly: now and then they are fatal, but they rarely end in any thing more than a disfigured face, or a tranchant wound of the breast. There is, however, a prolific and mortal host of battles between the officers and students. The students imagine themselves to be the guardian genii of national liberty, and regard the military as mortal foes to their most hallowed feelings. The weapon which is generally used in the combats between the students and officers is the pistol. The sword is so certain in the hands of the Burschen, that few except one

† A propos, a round is determined when a blow is parried, or has gone through "durchgaugen," as they call it.

of their own fraternity, have an equal chance. These duels are, for the most part, premeditated murders. If the insult have been a blow, it is expiated only by death. A space of four or six feet is marked off by lines; each man retires to a certain given distance, perhaps twenty paces the other side of his line, and here a barrier is erected. He may discharge his pistol at any distance between the barrier and the line, but, should he miss, must come up to the line, and stand, to be shot by his antagonist, who has now the power of approaching as near as the line on his side. You are compelled to kill, for the duel can only terminate by the death of one. One of these duels happened between a young student of Heidleburgh, and a Prussian officer quartered at Mayence. The student was shot in the pistol arm, and disabled. After three months, he again went out, and was once more so dangerously wounded as to be obliged to quit the field; he again recovered, and was shot dead at the third time. I trust, for the credit of human nature, that this may not be true. I was informed of his death about six months after I had quitted that portion of Germany. It was mentioned to me as a matter of interest, as I had some slight acquaintance with him.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

Aubrey, who dearly loved, and implicitly believed, the marvellous, tells us, that when James the First was about to depart for England, in order to receive the crown, an old man, dressed like a hermit, came to take leave of him. His visitor was second sighted. He took little notice of Prince Henry, but addressing himself to the Duke of York, "fell a weeping, to think what misfortunes he should undergo, and that he should be one of the miserablest, unhappy princes that ever was."

A vast number of Charles' letters are still in private hands, and there were probably many more at the commencement of the last century. About that time, there was an idea of collecting them for publication, but a learned and eminent literary character of the day very strongly urges, in a letter to the Bishop of Rochester, that they should not be printed; observing that "they would detract very much from his reputation, and somewhat from his integrity."

I met with the following amongst a collection of papers, from Dr. Mead's collection. It is addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, after the capture of the Isle of Rhe, in 1627.

Steenie, — I have receaued ye joyful newes of your happy success in ye taking of Rhe, by Dic Greane. I pray God to give you as much contentment alwaies, as I receaued then; and then I assur you ye will be in no danger to dy of melancholie. Beecher lykwais gave me two letters from you, out of which I haue taken such notes, as to know what ye desier and want, then burned them. After these, ere yesternight, I haue receaued another, all which by this occasion ye shall see some answer to, though I hope to please you better in my actions, then my words. I haue made reddie a supply of victualles, munition, 400 men for recreates, and 14,000 pounds readdie monie to be brought to you by Beecher, who by the grace of God shall sett saile within thesee eight dayes. Two regiments of a thousand men a pece, victualle for three monthes, shall be embarked by ye tenth of September. I haue sent for as manie officers from ye Low Countries as may bee had; of which, till my next, I can giue you no parfaite account. I hope lykwais ye shall haue 2,000 men out of Scotland vnder ye command of my Lo. Morton, and Sir William Balfour. So far for supplies, which by the grace of God I shall send speedlie to you, and you may certainlie expect.

Now I shall giue my opinion in some things that Beecher has been talking with me, and that I haue understood by your last dispatche. And first, in case the Frenche kinge should dye, what were to be done upon it. My opinion is, (and not without aduysment) that you ar to prosecute the warr, and by no means to be the first motioner of treaties; for it is bothe dishonorable and unsafe, considering what men of faithes the French of late hath proued themselves. But if they should offer, then to harken, but not to beleve too hastilie. And beleve it, this is the best way to gaine our cheest ends; for certainlie making shewes, or being indeed desyrous of a treatie before they of themselves demande it, may muche hurt vs, no way helpe vs.

I haue seene a draught of a manifest which ye haue sent my Lo. Conway, which if ye haue not yet published, I would wishe you to alter one point in it, which is, that wheras ye seeme to make the cause of religion the *only* reason that made me take armes; I would onlie haue you declare it the *cheife* cause, you haing no need to name anie other, so that ye may leau those of the religion to thinke what they will. But I dinke it muche inconuenient, by a manifest to be tyed onlie to that cause, of this warr; for cases may happen, that may force me goe against my declaration (being penned so) which I should be loathe should fall out.

I haue sett three maine projects afoote, (besyds manie smale) Mint, increasing of the Cus-tomes by imposing on the booke of rates, and raiseing of a Banke. The two first I shall certainlie goe speedlie through, withall, the last is most difficult, but I haue good hopes of it.

So going to bed, and wishing thee as much

happiness and good success as thy owen hart can
desyr, I rest

Your louing, faithfull, constant frend,

CHARLES R.

I cannot ommit to tell you that my wyfe and I
wer neur better togeather. She, upon this action
of yours, shoing herselfe so louing to me, by her
discretion upon all occasions, that it makes vs all
wonder and estime her.

SABBATEI-SEVI.

During the siege of Candia, in the year 1669, an affair happened among the Turks, that drew the attention of all Europe and Asia. A general rumor was spread at that time, founded on the idle curiosity, that the year 1666 was to be remarkable for some great revolution. The source of this opinion was the mystic number of 666, found in the book of Revelation. Never was the expectation of the antechrist so general. On the other hand, the Jews pretended that the Messiah was to come this year.

A Smyrna Jew, named Sabbatei-Sevi, who was a man of some learning, and son of a rich broker belonging to the English factory, took advantage of this general opinion, and set up for the Messiah. He was eloquent, and of a graceful figure; he affected modesty, recommended justice, spoke an oracle, and proclaimed, wherever he came, that the time was fulfilled. He travelled at first in Greece and Italy. At Leghorn he ran away with a girl, and carried her to Jerusalem, where he began to preach to his brethren. It is a standing tradition among the Jews, that their Shiloh, or Messiah, their avenger and king, is not to appear till the coming of Elijah; and they are persuaded that they have had one Elijah, who is to appear again at the renewing of the world. Elijah, according to them, is to introduce the great sabbath, the great Messiah, and the general revolution of all things. This notion has been received among Christians. Elijah is to come to declare the dissolution of this world, and a new order of things. Almost all the fanatics expect an Elijah. The prophets of the Cevennes, who came to London in 1707 to raise the dead, pretended to have seen Elijah, and to have spoken to him, and that he was to show himself to the people. In 1724, the lieutenant of the police at Paris, sent two Elijahs to prison, who fought with each other who should be accounted the true one. It was therefore necessary that Sabbatei-Sevi should be announced to his brethren by an Elijah, otherwise his pretended mission would have been treated as an imposture.

He met with one Nathan, a Jewish rabbin, who thought there was something to be gained by playing a part in this farce. Accordingly Sabbatei declared to the Jews of Asia Minor and Syria, that Nathan was Elijah; and Nathan on his part insisted that Sabbatei was the Messiah, the Shiloh by the chosen people. They both performed great works at Jerusalem, and reformed the synagogue. Nathan explained the prophecies, and demonstrated that at the expiration of that year, the

sultan would be dethroned, and Jerusalem become mistress of the world. All the Jews of Syria were convinced. The synagogues resounded with ancient prophecies. They grounded themselves on these words of Isaiah: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments O Jerusalem, the holy city, for henceforth, there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean." All the rabbins had the following passage in their mouths: "And they shall bring all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord, out of all nations, upon horses and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain Jerusalem." In short, their hopes were fed by these and a thousand other passages, which both women and children were forever repeating. There was not a Jew but prepared lodging for some of the ten dispersed tribes. So great was their enthusiasm, that they left off trade every where, and held themselves ready for the voyage to Jerusalem.

Nathan chose twelve men at Damascus, to preside over the twelve tribes. Sabbatei-Sevi went to shew himself to his brethren at Smyrna, and Nathan wrote to him thus: "King of kings, Lord of lords, when shall we be worthy to put ourselves under the shadow of your ass? I prostrate myself to be trod under the soles of your feet." At Smyrna, Sabbatei deposed some doctors of the law, who did not acknowledge his authority, and established others more tractable. One of his most violent enemies, named Samuel Pennia, was publicly converted, and proclaimed him to be the Son of God. Sabbatei having presented himself one day before the cadi of Smyrna, with a multitude of his followers, they all declared they saw a column of fire betwixt him and the cadi. Some other miracles of this sort set his divine mission beyond all doubt. Numbers of Jews were impatient to lay their gold and their precious stones at his feet.

The bashaw of Smyrna would have arrested him; but he set out for Constantinople with his most zealous disciples. The grand Vizir, Achmet, Cuproli, who was getting ready for the siege of Candia, gave orders for him to be seized on board the vessel that brought him to Constantinople, and to be confined. The Jews easily obtained admittance into the prison for money, as is usual in Turkey; they went and prostrated themselves at his feet and kissed his chains. He preached to them, exhorted them, and gave them his blessing, but never complained. The Jews of Constantinople, believing that the coming of the Messiah would cancel all debts, refused to pay their creditors. The English merchants at Galata waited upon Sabbatei in jail, they told him, that as king of the Jews, he ought to command all his subjects to pay their debts. Sabbatei wrote the following words to the persons complained against: "To you, who expect the salvation of Israel, &c. discharge your lawful debts; if you refuse it, you shall not enter with us in our joy, and into our empire."

Sabbatei during his imprisonment, was continually visited by his followers, who began to raise some disturbances in Constantinople. At that time the people were greatly dissatisfied with Mahomet IV. and it was apprehended that the Jewish prophecy might occasion some disturbance. Under these circumstances, one would imagine, that such a severe government as that of the Turks, would have put the person calling himself King of Israel, to death. Yet they only removed him to the castle of the Dardanelles. The Jews then cried out, that it was not in the power of man to take away his life.

His fame had reached even the most distant parts of Europe: at the Dardanelles he received deputations from the Jews of Poland, Germany, Leghorn, Venice, and Amsterdam: they paid very dear for kissing his feet; and probably this was what preserved his life. The distributions of the Holy Land were made very quietly in the tower of the Dardanelles. At length the fame of his miracles was so great, that Sultan Mahomet had the curiosity to see the man, and to examine him himself. The king of the Jews was brought to the seraglio. The sultan asked him in the Turkish language, whether he was the Messiah. Sabbatei modestly answered he was; but as he expressed himself incorrectly in this tongue, "You speak very ill," said Mahomet to him, "for a Messiah, who ought to have the gift of languages. Do you perform any miracles?"— "Sometimes," answered the other. "Well then," said the sultan, "let him be stripped stark naked; he will be a very good mark for the arrows of my pages, and if he is invulnerable, we will acknowledge him to be the Messiah." Sabbatei flung himself upon his knees, and confessed it to be a miracle above his strength. It was proposed to him immediately, either to be impaled, or to turn Mussulman, and go publicly to the Turkish mosque. He did not hesitate in the least, but embraced the Turkish religion directly. Then he preached that he had been sent to substitute the Turkish for the Jewish religion, pursuant to the ancient prophecies. Yet the Jews of distant countries believed in him a long time. The affair, however, was not attended with bloodshed, but increased the shame and confusion of the Jewish nation.

ELEPHANT DESTROYER.

Elephants though from their size and strength formidable to all the other inhabitants of the forest, themselves live in continual apprehension of a smaller reptile, against which neither their sagacity nor their prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course till it finally fixes in the head, and, by keeping him in continual agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death. So dreadfully afraid are elephants of this dangerous enemy, that they use a variety of precautions to prevent his attacks; and never lay their trunks to the ground, except to gather or separate their food.

POETRY.

JOHN A' SCHAFFELAAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLENS.

Toen 't vuur der tweedragt vlande in 't rond.
 When high the flame of discord rose,
 And o'er the country spread,
 When friends were changed to deadliest foes,
 And nature's feelings fled :

When doubtful questions of debate
 Disturbed the public mind,
 And all, impelled by furious hate,
 Forgot their kin and kind :

When foreign armies, helm'd and plumed,
 Were hurrying to our strand,
 And fierce, internal fires consumed
 The heart of Netherland :

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,
 A hero bold was he,
 Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,
 And feats of chivalry.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name,
 Give Schaffelaar his due,
 Who was, though lauded less by fame,
 The nobler of the two,

Secluded virtue fairest shines,
 No flattery dims its rays,
 While virtue on a throne declines,
 And fades beneath its praise.

You ask me once again to sing,
 And I have yet the will,
 And whilst my lyre retains a string,
 'Twill sound for Holland still.

When Utrecht saw her sons appear
 Her bishop to depose,
 And all with musket and with spear
 Against his vassals rose :

When Amersfoort had sworn to shield,
 Defend him, and obey ;
 And Barneveld had made it yield,
 And wrested him away :

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,
 A hero bold was he ;
 Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,
 And feats of chivalry.

Up—up the steepest tower he went,
 With eighteen men to aid,
 And from the lofty battlement
 A deadly havoc made.

He dares their fire, which threatens death,
 And gives it back again,
 And showers of bullets fall beneath,
 As thick as winter's rain.

Erect he stands—no vain alarm,
 No fear of death appals,
 And many a foeman by his arm,
 Drops from the castle walls.

But courage must be crush'd at last
 In such unequal fight :
 The best and bravest blood flows fast,
 And quenches glory's light.

Fearfully rolls the tempest there,
 And vengeance breathes around,
 The thunder bursts and rends the air,
 And shrieks along the ground.

The castle rocks at every blow
 Upon its giant frame ;
 The raging fire ascends, and lo !
 The tower is wrapt in flame.

"Your will ?" cried John a' Schaffelaar,
 "Your will ? my comrades' ride !
 Though thoughts of self a' e banish'd far,
 I still can mourn for you."

"Oh ! yield to them—give up the tower !"
 To Schaffelaar they call,
 "We cannot now withstand their power,
 Yield, or we perish all."

"The flames are round us, and our fate
 Is certain," was the cry ;
 "Then yield, oh ! yield ! 'tis too late !
 Amid the smoke we die,"

"We yield it then," the hero cried,
 "We yield it to your might,
 We bow our stubborn necks of pride—
 Ye conquerors in the fight."

"No ! no !!" exclaimed the furious crowd,
 "A ransom we require ;
 A ransom—quick !" they call'd aloud,
 "Or perish in the fire !"

"What is your wish ? no more we war :"
 They cry to those without,
 "We would have John a' Schaffelaar,"
 The furious rabble shout.

"Never ! by heaven ! we yield him not,"
 They cry as with one voice ;
 "If death must be our leader's lot,
 We'll share it and rejoice !"

"Hold ! on your lives!" with lifted hand,
 Said Schaffelaar the free ;
 "Whoe'er opposes their demand
 Is not a friend to me."

"Mine was th' attempt, be mine the fate,
 Since we in vain withstood ;
 On me alone would fall the weight
 Of all your guiltless blood.

"The flames draw nearer—all is o'er—
 And here I may not dwell ;
 Give me your friendly hands once more—
 For ever fare ye well !"

He rushes from his trusty men,
 Who would in vain oppose,
 And from the narrow loop-hole then
 He springs amid his foes.

"Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar,
 No longer battle wage ;
 Divide and banquet, hounds of war !
 And satisfy your rage.

"Now sheath your swords and bear afar
 The muskets that we braved ;
 Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar,
 My comrades true are saved."

His limbs were writhing on the ground
 In death's convulsive thrill ;
 The blood drops that are shed around
 With shame his foemen fill.

The sounds of war no more arise,
 And banish'd is the gloom,
 But glory's wreath, which never dies,
 Surrounds the hero's tomb.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
 Give Schaffelaar his due,
 Who, as, though lauded less by fame,
 The nobler of the two.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Know'st thou the land where the citron-trees
 grow,
 And like gold in the dark leaves the oranges
 glow,
 Where softer winds faint from the blue heavens
 breathe,
 And the laurel and myrtle stand stirless be-
 neath—
 Know'st thou that land—so transcendantly
 fair ?—
 Oh would, my beloved, that we could go there !
 Know'st thou the mansion, with column propped
 roof ?
 Its saloons are resplendent, and towering aloof
 The marble-form'd images look in my face—
 Where art thou, poor child of an ill-fated race ?
 Know'st thou that mansion ?—Oh might I but be
 Back, back in its shelter, and live there with
 thee !

Know'st thou the mountain,—its cloud-path sky-
 kissed,
 Where the mule seeks his road through the deep-
 rolling mist,
 Where the dragon's brood dwell in the caverns
 that bore them,
 And the vast rocks dash down, and the torrents
 dash o'er them,—
 Know'st thou the mountain—and dost thou not
 know
 That our way lies there ?—my beloved, let us go !

Oh ! never rose a light, or sun more fair
 Than the soft beams that in her features play,
 Never, 'mid streams that through dark vallies
 stray.

Did violets fresh more snowy lustre wear ;
 Never, when opening buds first scent the air,
 Did fairer rose a verdant bank array ;
 Never did sounds of love such bliss convey,
 As when her accents wake my trembling care.

From her mild gracious looks a dewy shower
Seems to distil with drops of softest rain,
And cool the wounds of my sore-stricken frame :
In midst of her bright eyes Love makes his
bower,
And in his lap does my lorn heart detain,
Too scanty fuel for so fierce a flame !

Tempestuous, leud, and agitated sea !
In thy late peaceful calm and quiet, thou
Didst represent my happy state, but now,
Art picture true of my deep misery !

From thee is fled each joyous thing, the glee
Of sportive Nereid, and smooth-gliding prow ;
From me—what late made joy illume my brow,
And these sad present hours so drear to be.

Alas ! the time is near, when will return
The season calm, and all thy waves be gay,
And thou his fellowship of woe forsake :

The mistress of my soul can never make
Serene the night for me, or the clear day,
Whether the sun be bid, or cloudless bourn.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

The Army of the Revolution.—Mr. Burgess, the eloquent advocate of our revolutionary sirs, has pleaded in vain. We were sure that it would be so. Eloquence, just principle, and honorable feeling, are unpopular in a *deliberative* body. Go and preach mercy to the ravenous shark and the hungry tiger, but despair of persuading an American congress to acts of honor and of justice, even if you plead with the tongue of an angel.

Little as the national legislators think of national character, light as they make of violated faith and broken honor, there are some few men in the land who yet blush for its deep disgrace. We send money to Greece, we wail in long Jermids over the descendants of Themistocles and Philopœmen, we exhaust the armory of invective against the despotic race of Othman, we tell the “turbaned Turk” to cast the mote out of his eye—cannot conscious shame whisper to us, “cast the beam out of your own.” When was there ever a darker stretch of despotic power than when the representatives of a rich and *free* republic solemnly sanctioned a deliberate *fraud*, and openly, and in the face of God and man, said to the old heroes of the Revolution, we owe you money, we are amply able to pay you, but you cannot sue a government, there is no court to which we are amenable, except the court of honor, and we do not practice before that court ! This is their conduct put into words.

The trumpet of eulogy has been sounded “loud and long,” to herald republican gratitude in the reward of La Fayette. It was not an act of gratitude. It was a deed of *ostentation*. Had not La Fayette been a *Marquis*, had he not been high-born, of the ancient and glorious chivalry of France, he might have stood, like the forlorn St. Clair, shivering by the cold hearth-stone of republican *feeling*. He might have slept each night

in the prison-house of Barton ; he might have shared the barren poverty of Stark, the comfortless old age of Robert Morris, the persecuted death-bed of Jefferson, and the insulted grave of De Kalb. Let us not be understood as finding fault with the donation to La Fayette. He deserved it, and we rejoice that it was given to him. But we protest against the shameless and imprudent eant of republican gratitude, based on this donation. Call it republican *rancidity*, and you call it by its proper name. Thus much in eulogy of American honor !

Theatrical.—The Park Theatre has presented more than ordinary attraction this week. Mr. Conway, a refined and classical performer ; Mrs. Knight, who acts and sings with equal spirit ; aided by the operatic acting of the company, have held strong inducements to the theatre-going world. The inclemency of the weather has kept many from attending, and the house has not been crowded ; a circumstance more agreeable to a spectator fond of elbow-room, than it probably is to the manager. By pursuing his present plans, however, he is sure of success.

Mr. Richardson, from Virginia, made his debut on Tuesday night. We were prevented from seeing his performance throughout. He is spoken of by the southern Editors as a gentleman of the most honorable and amiable character.

Mr. Webster's Speech.—To prove that we are not unjust in our censure of congress, we select from the able and eloquent speech of Mr. Webster, statements which confirm those which we have heretofore made. We invite the reader's particular attention to the passage in italics :—

“Stated in the shortest manner, the case is this : By the resolution of congress of October 1789, every officer of the continental army who should continue in service to the end of the war, should receive half-pay for life. By the resolution of 1783, they were requested to give up this claim for half-pay for life, and in lieu thereof they were promised five years full pay, with interest at six per cent., till paid. These express and solemn promises, thus made to the defenders of the country, in the hour of their sufferings and of our peril, have never been performed. Disguise it, cover it, evade it as we will, the truth still is, that this plighted faith has never been redeemed.—Have they received half-pay for life ? They have not. Have they received the five years whole pay ? They have not. No, sir ; they are our creditors—I do not content myself with saying they are our benefactors. And if the little remnant of them draw out their lives in penury, and lay their aged heads in the grave at last with neither cheering nor consolation from us, they yet live as our creditors, and they die as our creditors, and they leave a charge upon the country which I fear that future generations, however just, or however generous, can hardly be relieved from. Let us beware then that we are not trifling with our own reputation, and with that which is of infinitely more importance, the reputation of the country.

“Mr. Webster proceeded to state several other historical facts in reference to the sacrifices and sufferings of the class of men whose claim he advocated, and stated that if it were possible for the

claimants to prosecute their demands in a court of equity, if the United States could be made subject to a suit, and the officers of the army could bring them before a competent tribunal, no advocate of standing and character would advise the United States that they had a defence. In conclusion, Mr. Webster said—

“I advert to one thing more in the history of this army. It is something so prominent, that though we were to shut our eyes against it, the whole world would yet see it ; a monument of their worth so solid that every coming generation may contemplate it—I mean their conduct at the end of the war. I cannot well say how that scene of patriotism tempted, yet not yielding ; of honor, gonded by the sense of injustice, yet bearing itself with unquestionable loyalty ; of military power, proud in its victory, yet not seduced by injury, by suffering, by poverty, by real or supposed coldness and neglect, to turn its sword against the parental bosom of the country. The occurrence stands without a precedent ; no other history shows it ; and the honor which it confers on our own annals is worth more, far more than we shall, or, indeed, than we could now bestow. What, sir, was the condition of the country at that moment ? A victorious army had rescued her liberties from a foreign foe. But where were they held ? There was no settled government to check or control that army. Victorious as it was, unpaid, unfed, unclothed ; unarmed—no, it had armed itself, and had arms in its hands. It was at that moment the arbiter of your fate. And what did it do ? Did it hold with a significant grasp that sword that had given it victory over the enemy ? Did it demand terms ? Did it stipulate for pay before it lost its power by disunion ? Sir, it disbanded itself, it stripped off its armor, it laid down its sword. Unpaid as it was, unclothed as it was, unprovided as it was for a day's maintenance, it dissolved at the bidding of that voice of public liberty which had originally formed it ; and it left the great and sacred cause of the revolution unstained by a single instance of military excess.

“Sir, we are not of the generation of those who achieved the revolution. We enjoy the country, now that it has the strength of the giant ; and these survivors of the revolution who are around us, were the protectors of its infancy. We are not asked to create fortunes or to grant splendid endowments. We know that in general these survivors are in narrow circumstances. We know that they have not such means of living as belong to their education, their pursuits and their habits. The provisions of this bill will scatter no riches, but they will disseminate comfort. They will relieve necessity where it presses hardest : on men who have seen better days. For one, I feel that I have no option ; and for my constituents, I am sure that if it were left to their choice, they would eagerly seek the occasion to bear any part of the burden which this bill shall impose ; they would run to pay any tax which the measure might render necessary ; and I may understand the general sense of the community, but if I do not, the rejection of this claim will not give pleasure to the people of the United States.”

What next ? in the name of the fraternity !—General M'Clure has given notice in the general assembly of a bill to repeal the tax on *dogs*, and to levy a tax on *bachelors*. As one of the forlorn fraternity, we can not but contemplate the gallant General with alarm and horror. What ! a *bachelor* of less use to the world than a *dog* ! If any of our fair subscribers, under the age of 25,

will make a bargain *with us*, (not *of us*,) we hereby promise to marry *instanter*, and thus avoid the general's fire. **N. B.** She must be worth \$100,000 and have no relations.

THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGHANY;
OR NATIONAL GRATITUDE.
In American Tale.

—“Egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
Hunc patrum peperere suo, decorare supremus
Muneribus.”—**Virgil.**

I have always been an attentive, if not an intelligent observer of human character, as displayed in the various situations of life. Whether it has been a study more fraught with pain than with pleasure, I am not prepared to say; but if it be a pursuit that needs justification, it is enough that I have found it a source of *moral* instruction. I have learned to despise the fool of unbridled and insatiable prosperity; to hate and condemn the profligate of successful cunning, and to bow respectfully before virtue and honor, when the world is too busy to seek out or too vile to appreciate. A mind, naturally restless and untrammeled by the ties or connexions which ordinarily render men stationary, has urged me over “many a shore and many a sea.” In the course of my wanderings, I have often witnessed scenes that might well claim the interest of those (are there any such?) who can feel for sufferings which do not form a part of their own destiny; in other words, who are sincerely philanthropists without vanity or ambition beneath the cloak of benevolence. The subject of the present narrative will not flatter individual self-sufficiency, nor pamper national pride: in some it may excite asperity by recalling unwelcome recollections of violated faith and spoliated honor; nevertheless, it shall be fearlessly told.

In the winter of 18—I was travelling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleghanies, I left my horse in the charge of a peasant, and ascended on foot. I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the habitations beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gathered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was leaning on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin, sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, although on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The desertion, however, seemed only temporary, for a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seating myself on the rough bench, begun by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness

and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. “What miserable outcast,” thought I, “can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have induced the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflows of the rich man’s table may find their way to the poor man’s board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whether the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him?—Is it a crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?”

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. Shade after shade tilted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overburdened fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery, yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downward, a shadow like the form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man, coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting gun, and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burden to his aged frame. “A stranger in my cabin,” he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. “A stranger,” said I, “who is in need of hospitality.” A slight flush apparently of pain rose to his cheek as he replied, “If a seat by my hearth-fire and a repast of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all it is in my power to offer.” With these words, he laid aside his burden, and divested himself of his outer garments, kindled a light, and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that rivalled winter in whiteness. His clear gray eye had a military quickness in its motion, and it seemed as if it should belong to one who had watched the movements of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bounds of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well-bred aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the

style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. “How happens it,” I said, “that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?” “Young man,” the stranger replied, “it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadow of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both. Listen to my words, and if while I speak your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I curse not, but forgive. You ask what has made me an exile for life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is, the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life.

“Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banner your fathers followed to battle forty years ago; one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tenant of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once a princely fortune; the last of a time-honored family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and forever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was loudest in the conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge of the brave? To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But to my story; my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggressions and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardent-

ly and firmly ; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich—the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessities of life ; the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be familiar to every man between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and that destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her des-
titution ; and how, think you, was I paid?"

"Surely," said I, "with heartfelt gratitude and boundless liberality."

"With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!" exclaimed the aged man ; "the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England's chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free."

"What," said I, "were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled?"

"Promptly acknowledged!" he replied with mingled grief and irony, "know you not, that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that *deliberation* is never prompt? Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its *ruling principle* is *economy*, and that *economy* is never cheerful in parting with its ore?"

"But surely," I interposed, "the nation was just, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?"

"Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice," was the reply : "When I exhibited my accounts against the government there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time ; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities ; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceeding ; the importunities of an aged, forlorn, and famished man, were considered as forward obtrusions. I was friendless and unimportant ; I could neither uplift the aspiring, nor prop the falling ; my prayer was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not interpose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A winter past, and left my claims unde-

cided ; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that? the men who were to canvass my claims, fared sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days, did not shrink from my adversity. He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capitol to my obscure retreat in the metropolis, and with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honored seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!" At last my claims were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the fangs of the law, and thrown, in mid-winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for the active and warm hearted charity of woman.† It is about a month since a pension of a five hundred dollars a year was awarded to me, in lieu of my claim for some thousands."

"How," I exclaimed, "a pension! Then government has made a profitable bargain ; for your exhausted frame already leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of the pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clod will rattle on your coffin." Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled ! fate had already given the last turn to the hour glass of his life and its sands were nearly wasted.

"I came hither yesterday," continued he, "to take a last look at my mountain hut, and prepare for removal a few family memorials, the only valuables which it contains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time in these wilds :‡ to-morrow, when we descend the mountain, I will acquaint you with other particulars in my eventful life, and I will then tell you who I am. And now, good night, we both need repose."

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body ! I had observed, during his recital, that his frame frequently shook as if struggling between mental excitement and physical debility. Paleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheeks as his excited feelings contended with his languid frame.

* A friend of the writer heard this from the lips of General St. Clair himself. He mentioned it in terms of warm gratitude. This benefactor was the late William Crawford of Georgetown.

† A fact.

‡ Gen. St. Clair was, in his old age, reduced to the necessity of keeping a miserable tavern on the high road of the Alleghanies, while at the same time he had demands against the government which, had they been promptly met, would have rendered his situation comfortable. It is on this fact the present tale is founded.

An undefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart as I bade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. I wrapped my cloak around me, and threw myself upon the floor, but I could not sleep. About mid-night I was startled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in pain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened, it was repeated again and again, in tones that struck thrillingly on my heart. I sprung to the door and entered the other room ; the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brans for light. I opened the narrow casement ; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow ; it was damp and cold—I touched his breast ; the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. "Merciful God!" I exclaimed, "he is dying ! here in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning." "Benevolent stranger," he murmured, brokenly and faintly, "what aid can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour has come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and—." His voice ceased ; I heard the death rattle rasping in his throat ; I raised him gently in my arms, and the heart-broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom !

The storm was yet howling without, as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. "Yes," I exclaimed, "on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may mourn his death though cold and selfish man will learn it without emotion."

At last the gray dawn of light specked the horizon, and gradually ascended the east, ushering in the morrow on which the old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it, and forever, for a home, where the memory of coldness and ingratitude cannot darken the brightness of the blessed ; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breasts of each and of all of those whose neglect traced on his faded checks the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation, gave the necessary orders for his burial ; and the hero, whose bier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the ground by a few hireling peasants. Such is national gratitude. Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn, and on the inner cover, I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, "ARTHUR ST. CLAIR." J. G. B.

MISCELLANY.

I am sentimental this afternoon, and just mean to have a quiet sentimental gossip with myself. Let me think, what shall be the subject? O, never mind; rattle on, and every line I scribble will doubtless civilly lead me to a thought, as Dryden was wont to say, that every jingle helped him to a line of "fair poesy."

Walking up Holborn the other day, I saw a book with this title, "The Pleasures of Melancholy." Up I whisked it, and commenced conning its pages; it was all about epitaphs, and various other melancholy ditties, any thing but well put together: so down again it went to the stall of the bibliopole from whence it had been taken, and "I don't see any fun or comfort, far less pleasure in that said melancholy," quoth I to myself, as I departed homewards. Nay, in spite of what Mr. Samuel Rogers, that most serene of all poets, and prince of Joe Millers, has said, my resolve is to be as gay as I can, consistently with good principle, &c. and for as long a time as I can consistently with propriety, and the discharge of life's all important duties. "Be wise and merry, merry and wise, whichever way you fancy it. Why should I, having so much reason to be thankful for the gifts of a good and gracious Providence, go about mumbling and muttering, and piping my eye upon every occasion, where I can screw up a dismal face, instead of thinking and acting rationally, and up to the line of my duty with the divine aid, then leaving all results to the disposal of One, who *must* do all things right?" 'Tis true, I am liable to be called a saint, and plead guilty to the charge of egregious Methodism; but can I not, moving about among my fellow creatures, endeavor my best to give them some feeble idea of holiness, warn any thoughtless wight of the frightful risk of attending to all things, but the *one thing needful*—speak of the importance of time, the judgement to come, the eternal world, the terrors of a just God offended at sin and sinful men, and, above all of His *mercy* to every repentant, and believing, and reforming child of Adam, through the great atonement: can I not do this without putting on a face as if I was on the eve of being marched to the new drop, without any chance of respite? I am miserable, and have no resource to flee to, no footing for my mind," said a fine and clever young fellow, in excellent health, but indifferent spirits, to a friend of mine.—"Come and take a dish of tea with me and

we'll talk over the matter," rejoined the said friend. But your religious men are *so* moping and melancholy, that you'll make me worse." He went nevertheless, and on the following morning I breakfasted with him, and never saw human being happier. Melancholy, it will feed upon the vitals sometimes; the day's gone away for ever, and those we have cherished as the very core of our hearts gone with them; the scenes of youth, of pure affection, all departed: oh, they come with a rush of mournfulness over the mind that is fearful! But let us think. We are all pilgrims and strangers 'tis true, and while we sojourn here our friends are often parted from us, and we close their eyes in death, and commit them to the grave; but why do we mourn, if we have been able, upon good grounds, to do so "in sure hope" of a joyful resurrection, to immortality? Yet a little time, and we ourselves must follow them. The diseased frame, the sunk eye, the falling jaw, must soon announce to the sorrowing few that are left around us, that we, too, are for the dark hour, for the strife of pain and dissolution; but have we faith? do we rest on the Rock of Ages? is it all right with our souls? can we read our title assured to the mansions in the sky? then, *but not till then*, (and we know there is much previous and most important work that *must* precede all this) we have nothing to apprehend, every thing to hope for; and the moment the watching mourner raises his most hopeless cry, will be at once our release from agony, and the glorious commencement of a felicity, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Bright and glorious spirits of the departed, we shall meet again, and all will be well, and the sorrows and disappointments of life will be quite forgotten, or if remembered at all, how will they heighten our joys, and increase our gratitude and praise! I like to cherish this idea, and to speculate in my musings upon it, even sometimes at the risk of being fanciful. The great, the good, the gifted, are not lost; they have only gone before. Kirke White, Bruce, Knowls, Roberts, St. Maw, and many others more endeared to remembrance, I trust to see, and converse with, and rejoice with in a better state of existence, that never can know an end or a change to affliction. The three last names on my list are not half so much known as they should be. I will therefore, (as time and opportunity suit,) give an old extract or two from their works, never questioning that they will be

acceptable to all readers of any taste and discrimination. We should thank our stars that we have memorials of them, some flashes of the light, that might have astonished and delighted infinitely more, had a few years been added to their short span of mortal life.

EPIGRAM.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place;
Is it that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

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